BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

cloud, and a big one, on the horizon. We had, indeed, heard no more of those con-founded hippopotami; but it is not on that

sacerdotal clan, the most powerful beca the most united faction in the kingdom.

that he might as well try to woo a mountain side. With a bitter jest or two about his

fickleness, that door was closed on him for-ever. So Nasta bethought him of the 30,000

wild swordsmen who would pour down at his bidding through the northern mountain

passes, and no doubt vowed to adorn the gates of Milosis with our heads.

But first he determined, as we learned, to

make one more attempt, and to demand the band of Nyleptha in the open court after the formal annual ceremony of the signing of the laws that had been proclaimed by the queens

during the year.

Of this astounding fact Nyleptha heard

it as we sat at supper on the night preceding the great ceremony of the law signing. Sir Henry bit his lip, and, do what he could to prevent it, plainly showed his agitation.

"And what answer will the queen be pleased to give to the great lord?" asked I, in

jesting manner. "Answer, Macumazahn" (for we had elected

to pass by our Zulu names in Zu-Vendis), she

said, with a pretty shrug of her ivory shoul-

der. "Nay, I know not; what is a poor woman to do when the wooer has 30,000

swords wherewith to urge his love?" and from

under her long lashes she glanced at Curtis.

Just then we rose from the table to adjourn

into another room. "Quatermain, a word, quick;" said Sir Henry to me. "Listen; I have never spoken about it, but surely you have guessed—I love Nyleptha. What am I

taken the question into consideration, and was therefore able to give such answer as

said. "Now is your time-now or never. Listen; in the sitting room get near to her,

and whispe to her to meet you at midnight

or never, Curtis."
We passed on into the other room. Nyleptha was sitting, her hands before her, and a
sad, anxious look upon her lovely face. A
little way off was Sorais talking to Good in

her slow, measured tones.

The time went on; in another quarter of an

SORAIS' SONG.

sickle is swinging.
So is life! aye, the life that lends passion a breath to my singing.

As the nightingale's song that is full of a sweet

"Listen, Nyleptha, thus: I will be before the statue of Rademas in the great hall at midnight. I have the countersign and can pass in. Macumaz hn will be there to keep guard, and with him the Zulu. Oh, come.

Just then the music began to die in the last

her round.
"I will be there," said Nyleptba, burriedly;

ITCH AND SCRATCHES of every kind

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ball. I will keep watch for you there.

or never, Curtis.

"You must speak to Nylaptha to-night," I

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

VOL. XIII.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 7, 1887.

NO. 49.



Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Chol-era. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that positively cures it has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cents bottle is enough for one hundred chickens It is guaranteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded. For sale by your druggist.

several years with a severe lung affection, when his moocha was worn out the fierce old and that dread disease. Consumption, is Zulu made him a new one, and went about anxious to make known to his fellow suf-fers the means of cure. To those who desire battle ax. it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they language steadily and made very good progwill find a sure cure for Consumption, As-thma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat ture in the temple three grave and reverend and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers Those desiring the prescription, which will and indicated that they had been sent to teach ing will please address, REV EDWARD A. Wilson, Williamsburg, Kings county, New

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ALLAN QUATERMAIN.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE,"
"JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

SORAIN' SONG. After our escape from Agen and his pious arew we returned to our qui riers in the pal-ace and had a very good time. The two queens, the nobles and the people vied with each other in doing us honor and showering gifts upon us. As for that poinful little inci-dent of the hippopotami it sank into obliv-lon, where we were quite content to the proion, where we were quite content to have it. Every day deputations and incividuals waited on us to examine our guies and clothing, our chain shirts and our instruments, especially our watches, with which they were much delighted. In short, we became quite the rage, so much so that some of the fashing in the control of the cash.

nable young swells among the Zu-Vendi

notably Sir Henry's shooting Jacket. One day, indeed, a deputation waited on us and, as usual, Goest donned his full dress uniform for the occasion. This deputation seemed somebow to be of a different class to those who generally came to visit us. They were little, insignificant looking men of an excessively polite, not to say servile, demeanor, and their attention appeared to be chiefly taken up with observing the details of Good's full dress uniform, of which they took copi-ous notes and measurements. Good was much flattered at the time, not suspecting that he had to deal with the six leading tailors of Milosis. A fortnight afterwards, how ver, when on attending court as usual be Zu-Vendi "mashers" arrayed in all the glory form, he changed his mind. I shall never forget his face of astonishment and disgust. It was after this, chiefly in order to avoid remark, and also because our clothes were wearing out and had to be saved up, we re-solved to adopt the native dress; and a very comfortable one we found it, though I am bound to say that I looked sufficiently ludicrous in it, and as for Alphonse! Only Uni-slopogaas would have none of these things;

Meanwhile we pursued our study of the seigniors presented themselves armed with manuscript books, ink horns and feather pens us, and, with the exception of Unr-lopognas, we all buckled to with a will, doing four hours a day. As for Umslopogans he would have none of that either. He did not wish to learn that "woman's talk," not he, and when one of the teachers advanced on him with a book and an ink horn and waved them before him in a mild, persuasive way, much as a church warden invitingly shakes the offertory bag under the nose of a rich but niggardly parishioner, he sprang up with a fierce oath and flashed Iukosi-knas before the eyes of our

learned friend, and there was an end of the attempt to teach him Zu-Vendi. agricultural inclosures, and our horses were magnificent. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the royal stables were at our com-mand, in addition to which we had four splendid saddle horses given to us by Ny-

should go, so be proceeded, without saying a word to anybody else, to inform them that it

was a peculiar fact, but that we could not make any real progress in the deeper intricacies of

a foreign language unless we were taught by ladies—young ladies, he was careful to ex-plain. In his own country, he pointed out, it

was habitual to choose the very best looking and most charming girls who could be found to instruct any strangers who happened to

come that way, etc.

All of this the old gentlemen swallowed

wishes in every way, and that, if possible, our

Imagine, therefore, the surprise and dis-

following morning, we found, instead of our usual venerable tutors, three of the best look-

whenever they had not much company or the affairs of state would allow of it. And I am bound to say that those little suppers were quite the most charming things of their sort that I ever had to do with. How true is the that I ever mat to do with. How true is the saying that the very highest in rank are always the most simple and kindiy. It is from your half and half sort of people that you get pomposity and vulgarity, the differ-ence between the two being very much what one sees every day in England between the sid, out at crows, proxen down county fam-ily and the overbearing, purse proud people who come and "take the place." I really think that Nyleptha's greatest charm is her sweet simplicity, and her kindly, genuine in-

terest even in little things. She is the sim-plest woman I ever knew, and where her pasions are not involved one of the sweetest but she can look queenly enough when she likes and be as fierce as any savage, too.

For instance, never shall I forget that scene when I for the first time was sure that she was really in love with Curtis. It came about was really in ove with Circus. It came about in this way—all through Good's weakness for ladies society. When we had been employed for some three months in learning Zu-Vendi it struck Master Good that he was getting rather tired of the old gentlemen who did us the honor to lead us in the way that we heald on the proposited without we

was the sign of people working schard which had affected her.

In reply Sir Henry said, dryly, that he had thought she did not look quite herself on that day, whereat she flashed one of those quick glances of hers at him, which, if he had the feelings of a man, must have gone through him like a knife, and the subject dropped en-

tried to talk, and laughed, Sorais would sit All of this the old gentlemen swallowed open mouthed. There was, they admitted, reason in what he said, since the contemplation of the beautiful, as their philosophy taught, induced a certain porosity of mind similar to that produced upon the physical body by the healthful influences of sun and air; consequently it was probable that we might absorb the Zu-Vendi tongue a little faster if suitable teachers could be found. Another thing was that as the females sex was naturally loquacious, good practice would be gained in the viva voce department of our studies.

To all of this Good gravely assented, and the learned gentlemen departed, assuring him that their orders were to fall in with our wishes in every way, and that, if possible, our us and read us all like a book, only from time to time saying a few words, and smiling that quick ominous smile of hers which was more like a flash of summer lightning on a dark cloud than anything else. And as near to her as he dared would sit Good, worshiping through his eye glass, for he really was get-ting seriously devoted to this somber beauty, of whom, speaking personally, I felt terribly afraid. I watched her keenly, and soon I found out that for all her apparent impassifound out that for all her apparent impassi-bility she was at heart bitterly jealous of Nyleptha. Another thing I found out, and the discovery filled me with dismay; and that was, that she also was growing devoted to Sir Henry Curtis. Of course I could not be sure; it is not easy to read so cold and haughty a woman, but I noticed one or two gust of myself, and I trust and believe Sir Henry, when, on entering the room where we were accustomed to carry on our studies, the

set.

And so another three months passed over us, by which time we had all attained to a very considerable mastery of the Zu-Vendi language, which is an easy one to learn. And as the time went on we became great favorites with the people, and even with the couries with the people, and even with the couries. usual venerable tutors, three of the best looking young women whom Milosis could produce—and that is saying a good deal—who blushed and smiled and courtesied, and gave us to understand that they were there to carry on our instruction. Then Good, as we gazed at one another in bewilderment, thought fit to explain, saying that it had slipped his memory before—but the old gentlemen had told him, on the previous evening, that it was absolutely necessary that our further education should be carried on by the other sex. I was overwhelmed, and appealed to Sir Henry for advice in such a crisis.

renewed zest. "Ab," thought I, "will it al-

Next day we were much more lively; our work was pleasingly interspersed with ques-tions about our native country, what the la-dies were like there, etc., all of which we answered as best we could in Zu-Vendi, and I heard Good assuring his teacher that her loveliness was to the beauties of Europe as the sun to the moon; to which she replied with a little toss of the head that she was a plain teaching woman and nothing else, and that it was not kind to deceive a poor girl so." Then w had a little singing that was really charming so natural and unaffected. The Zu-Vend ove songs are most tou hing. On the third day we were all quite intimate. Good nar-rated some of his previous love affairs to his fair teacher, and so moved was she that her sighs mingles with his own. I dis-oursed with mine, a merry, blue eyed girl, upon Zu-Vendian art, and never saw that she upon Zu-Vendian art, and never saw that she was waiting for an opportunity to drop a specimen of the cockroach tribe down my back, while in the corner Sir Henry and his governess appeared, so far as I could judge, to be going through a lesson framed on the great educational principles laid down by Wackford Squeers, Esq., though in a very modified or rather spiritualized form. The lady softly repeated the Zu-Vendi word for "hand," and he took hers; "eyes," and he gazed deep into her brown orbs: "lins," and—bat. deep into her brown orbs; "lips," and—but just at that moment my young lady dropped the cockroach down my back and ran away laughing. Now, if there is one thing I loath more than another it is cockroaches, and moved quite beyond myself, and yet laughing at her impudence, I took up the cushion she had been sitting on and threw it after she had been sitting on and threw it after her. Imagine then my shame, my horror and my distress, when the door opened, and, attended by two guards only, in walked Ny-leptha. The cushion could not be recalled (it missed the girl and hit one of the guards on the head), but I instantly and ineffectually tried to look as though I had not thrown it Good ceased his sighing, and began to mur-der Zu-Vendi at the top of his voice, and Sir Henry whistled and looked silly. As for the poor girls, they were utterly dumfounded.

And Nyleptha! she drew herself up till her frame seemed to tower even above that of the tall guards, and her face went first red and then pale as death. "Guards," she said, in a quiet, choked voice, and pointing at the fair but uncon-scious disciple of Wackford Squeers, "slay me that woman."

The men hesitated, as well they might "Will ye do my bidding?" she said, again it the same voice, "or will ye not?"

Then they advanced upon the girl with uplifted spears. By this time Sir Henry had recovered himself, and saw that the comed

"Stand back!" he said, in a voice of thur der, at the same time getting in out of the terrified girl. "Shame on thee, yleptha-shame! Thou shalt not kill ber."

"Doubtless thou hast good reason to try to protect her. Thou couldst bardly do less in bonor," answered the infuriated queen; "but she shall die-she shall die!" and she tamped "It is well," he answered; "then I will die

with her. I am thy servant, O queen; do with me even as thou wilt," and he bowed toward her, and fixed his clear eyes contemptuously on her face.

"I could wish to slay thee, too," she an-Thus we spent our mornings in useful occu-pation, which grew more and more interest-and then feeling that she was mastered and and then feeling that she was mastered, and ing as we proceeted, and the afternoons were I suppose not knowing what else to do, she given up to recreation. Sometimes we made burst into such a storm of tears, and looked trues, notably one to the gold mines and another to the marble quarries, both of which I that, old as I am, I must say I envied Curtis what had just passed; a thought that seemed to occur to herself, for presently she wrenches herself free and went, leaving us all much

Presently, however, one of the guards returned with a message to the girls that they were, on pain of death, to leave the city and return to their homes in the country, and that no further harm would come to them; and accordingly they went, one of them remark ing philosophically that it could not be helped, and that it was a satisfaction to know that they had taught us a little serviceable Zu-Vendi. Mine was an exceedingly nice girl, and, overlooking the cockroach, I made her a present of my favorite lucky sixpence with a hole in it when she went away. After that our former masters resumed their course of instruction, needless to say to my great

attended the royal supper table, we found that Nyleytha was laid up with a bad head-ache. That headache lasted for three whole days; but on the fourth she was present at supper as usual, and with the most gracious and sweet smile gave Sir Henry her hand to lead her to the table. No allusion was made to the little affair described above beyond her saying, with a charming air of innocence that when she came to see us at our studie that when she came to see us at our studies the other day she had been seized with a giddi-ness from which she had only now recovered. She supposed, she added, with the touch of the humor that was common to her, that it was the sight of people working so hard which

tirely. Indeed, after supper was over Nylep express herself well satisfied with the results Indeed, she proceeded to give us, especially Sir Henry, a lesson on her own account, and

very interesting we found it.

And all the while that we talked, or rathe

blushed and smiled and courtesied, and gave us to understand that they were there to carry on our instruction. Then Good, as we gazed at one another in bewilderment, thought fit to explain, saying that it had slipped his memory before—but the old gentlemen had told him, on the previous evening, that it was absolutely necessary that our further education should be carried on by the other sex. I was overwhelmed, and appealed to Sir Henry for advice in such a crisis.

"Well," he said, "you see the ladies are here, ain't they! If we sent them away, don't you think it might hurt their feelings, cht One doesn't like to be rough, you see; and they look regular blues, don't they, ch?"

By this time Good had already begun his lessons with the handsomest of the three, and so with a sigh I yielded. That day everything went very well; the young ladies were certainly very clever, and they only smiled when we blundered. I never saw Good so attentive to his books before, and even Sir Henry appeared to tackle Zu-Vendi with a saked upon questions of national policy.

But blue as the sky seemed, there was a little was the sky seemed, there was a

THE FUTURE GREAT CITY.

Suggs Thinks His Neighboring Town of Paradise Has Awakened to a Glorious Future.

necount to be supposed that our sacrilege was forgotten, or the enmity of the great and powerful priesthood handed by Agon ap-peased. On the contrary, it was burning the With some degree of alarm, not peased. On the contrary, it was burning the more flercely be cause it was necessarily suppressed, and what had perhaps begun in bigotry was ending in downright direct hatred born of jealousy. Hitherto the priests had been the wise men of the land, and were on this account, as well as from superstitious causes, looked on with peculiar veneration. But our arrival, with our outlandmixed with envy, Rockport is Jealously watching developments about Paradise. The prospect of her rich coal town airs of conscious peerage, and we, knowing full well, that the "spring of was like a full-rate reilroad ticket, ish wisdom and our strange inventions and hints of unimagined things, dealt a serious blow to this state of affairs, and, among the laughter is only too pear the fountain of tears" are ogling her with a sinister look, and a bias eye-kind of hissing educated Zu-Vendi, went far toward destroy ing the priestly prestige. A still worse affront to them, however, was the favor with which we were regarded, and the trust that was reposed in us. All these things tended to make us excessively obnexious to the great through our teeth "blast your tomato Another source of inminent danger to us was the rising envy of some of the great lords, headed by Nasta, whose antagonism to us had at best been but thinly veiled, and us had at best been but thinly veiled, and which now threatened to break out into open flame. Nast; had for some years been a candidate for Nyleptha's hand in marriage; and when we appeared on the scene, I fancy, from all I could gather, that though there were still many obstacles in his path, success was by no means out of his reach. But now all this had changed; the coy Nyleptha smiled no more in his direction, and he was not slow to guess the cause. Infuriated and alarmed, he turned his attention to Seeais coult to facil amusement and commiseration.

grouned, we are expecting something means rest and peace. dreadful to happen, and your correspondent expects to be sooner or later, gagged, quartered and drawn.

What is most remarkable about the whole affair is that a Birminghaminvesting so heavily in the Green river valley. I tell you this is only initiatory to one of the grandest, solidest, powerfulest, allfiredest booms that ever swept over any country.

Kentucky is the richest in natural resources and advantages of any spot on the queens would retire. As yet Sir Henry had had no chance of saying a word in pri-vate; indeed, though we saw much of the royal sisters it was by no means easy to see them alone. I racked my brains, and at last earth and nothing but an infernal lease of the river and the deathly sleep of Paradise, which has infected the whole valley, could have so concealed us from

> The Foolkiller's Song. [Exchange.]

an idea came to me.

"Will the queen be pleased," I said, bowing low before Sorais, "to sing unto her servanta! Our hearts are heavy this night. Sing to us, O Lady of the Night" (Sorais' favorite name The Foolkiller sat by a hickory tree, among the people).

"My songs, Macumazahn, are not such as n the luminous light of the moon; his ay songs, saccunazann, are not such as to lighten the heavy heart, yet will I sing if it pleases thee," she answered, and she rose and went a few paces to a table, whereon lay an instrument not unlike a zither, and struck a few wandering chords. eyes were lurid with baleful glee, and he chanted a simple tune. And the Foolkiller's tresses were black as night, and the Foolkiller's voice was strong, and Then suddenly, like the notes of some deep throated bird, her rounded voice rang out in the Foolkiller sung with weird delight this simple but rapturous song: Oh, song so wildly sweet, and yet with so eerie and sad a refrain, that it made the very blood stand sad a refrain, that it made the very blood stand still. Up, up soared the golden notes, that seemed to melt far away, and then to grow again and travel on, laden with all the sor-row of the world and all the despair of the lost. It was a marvelous song, but I had not time to listen to it properly. However, I got the words of it afterward, and here is a trans-lation of its burden, so far as it admits of be-ing translated at all. goes in the light of the waning day to marry him. the river side, where the book beer flows, and squanders away his pay? I sigh for a crack at his swolen head, and a punch at his blood-shot eye. Oh, whither and where is the youth I said, that I'll find him and let him die? Oh, whither away is the man who tries to get off a public speech, who will range way is winging, As a hand that is helplessly raised when Death's from murmurs and broken sighs to a desperate and woolfish screech; who gropes around for a missing word, and stammers and hems and haws? Oh, soon will the crack of my club be heard as it flattens upon his jaws. Oh, show grass with your corp'ral kind o' punish ness unspoken, As a spirit unbarring the gates of the skies for a So is love! aye, the love that shall fall when his pinion is broken. me the path of some lonely dell, where I'll find an idiot gay, who twangs a note on a chestnut bell whenever a As the tramp of the legions when trampets their challenge are sending, As the shout of the storm god when lightnings will use, and I'll knock such lunatics of little tubes and cavities leading from in a trice, clear out of their high-heeled them.

When these are clogged and choked with out to be So short is our life; yet with space for all things who smiles, and grins in the house of prayer? For he thinks he's smart, but wares and wiles will coax him into my lair, and there in the dark and dismal to forsake us,

A bitter delusion, a dream from which naught
can awake us,
Till Death's dogging footsteps at morn or at eve
shall o'ertake us lair, and there in the dark and dismal damp, I'll flatten him on the wsll, and I'll pave the floor of my only camp with his indestructible gall. Then the Foolkiller leaped to his feet quite blithe, in the light of the waning moon, and he drew a finger along his scythe, as he chanted that simple tune; and he started off in a Spanish trot, according to the life long rules and and large large.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, or interage.

Y. and Su-sanah Day, was born and reared in Grayson county, Ky., ten miles west of Leitchfield—she attached herself to the church of Christ quite early in life, to the faith of which she adhered during the remainder of her short, but useful life. Being ever ready and willing to lend a helping dawning, But the red sun sinks in blood, the red sun sinks I only wish that I could write down the "Now, Curtis, now," I whispered, when she began the second verse, and turned my back.
"Nyleptha," he said—for my nerves were
so much on the stretch that I could hear every so much on the stretch that I could hear every word, low as it was spoken, even through Sorais' divine notes—"Nyleptha, I must speak with thee this night; upon my life I must. Say me not nay, oh, say me not nay!"

"How can I speak with thee!" she answered, looking fixedly before her; "queens are not like other people, I am surrounded and watched." to the life long rules, and sung as h went, "I'll make it hot in this dismal region of fools."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, ruises, Sores. Ulcers, Salt Rheum, ever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, hilbinius Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. 41-1y

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19 eow ty

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Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottles free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch and or amooth face. Address—A. D. Stramper. 60 Ann St.

St., Philadelphia, Pa.

42-1y

Maryland, granted Dec. 17, 1872, and now, therefore, nearly fifteen years old, and said the parties had come to him misunderstanding on the eve of mar-

Charles Jackson and Laura Queen, of

fifteen years had elapsed before they fields being worked at once, gives that were reconciled. The clerk assured And time runs on with such pittless flow. him that a paid-up marriage license That our lives are wasted before we know "good until used." A Beautiful Gem.

[Geo. D. Prentice.]

Last night, as the bells pealed out nose." Why shouldn't we? For twen- the hour of twelve, the soul of eightty years this American Damascus has een hundred and sixty-six took its That all we have striven for, little is won, figured in the geography of the county flight through the silence and darkness. And all the work our strength has done, only a sort of 24x30 "Sleepy Hollow," of midnight to range itself by the shadcontented with merely breathing, satis- ow of that first year that witnessed or- So most of us travel with very poor speed, fied with cob-handle knives punkins der brought out of chaos, saw the Failing in thought where we conquer in and possom tails, and we had grown to world hung in space and the planet Least brave in the hour of greatest need, look upon her with feelings mixed of fixed upon the face of the heavens- And making a riddle that few may read, musement and commiseration.

Through all these long years, she has God—and heard the celestial music

It is strange that a heart once brave and zed upon the inviting banks of a ro- when the morning stars first sang the mantic river, which rippled and laugh- praise and glory of their Creator. Should falter at last, and most ed at her feet as it curved by, bounding What a story of sorrow and joy, of hope on to the sea. Eventful years and fruit- and disappointment, of life and death, ful seasons have rolled by beckming could that dead year tell. It has witmanhood onward and upward. The deep bosomed lilacs that grow in her by the throes of popular revolutions. We shall stand up in heaven in brighter gardens, to say nothing of the untrained It has seen the hand of oblivion passed dog-fennel that skirts the commons, over principalities and powers, and have freighted the summer air with their places on the map have become their pulsing perfumes while generous, vacant forever. It has looked upon the And the wearied frame of the laborer laid sweet scented zephyrs toyed with mald-old man, full of years and honors, gathen's bangs and whispered of loves ered to his fathers, and watched the flight from hearts with doors ajar. Gate young bride stricken down at the altar. hinges have creeked and broken, thus The very reflex and symbol of the life parcing lovers when spring time's dark- of man it has been. The young babe is How a Nervous Man Saw a Startling ning shadows deepened the gloaming. shadowed in its opening leaves, buds The searching blasts of twenty winters and flowers. The strong and lusty have shricked through and combed out youth appears in all its manly strength the matted moss that clings in unique in the vigorous spring. The man of festoons to this tribs of Rip Van mature years and approved wisdom a surveying expedition under Mr. Min-Winkles. Ris and John, in waggish stands erect in the fullness and flush of to. There was an old fellow and his drollery have often stood up in nature's summer. The descent of life is seen in boy in the crowd, both of whom were battlements, and called in value to rouse the fading glories of autumn. And the sickly and were traveling for their these denizens to life and action; but night approach unto the end is too health. The sick man was deathly alas! insensible alike to seasons and well foreshadowed in the boary and in- afraid of rattlesnakes, and he had reayears, derisions and sneers, petitions and firm winter; and "the end of earth," to son to be for the woods was full of 'em. tears, gate-hinges and affaire ducoeurs, our short-lived humanity, was fitly One night the only place we could

A Hundred Years Hence.

. his wife.

Fourth Lady Juror-But the ladies vasn't sure he was guilty, you know. Fifth Lady Juror-Of course not; bey did not hear half the evidence. Sixth Lady Juror-If we bring him n guilty what will they do? Seventh Lady Juror-Hang him

Chorus-Horrors! Eighth Lady Juror-Why not say econd degree?

Ninth Lady Juror-Then they'd it orison the poor fellow for life. Chorus-Horrors!

Tenth Lady Juror-It won't do ring him in guilty at all. Eleventh Lady Juror-Of

Twelfth Lady Juror-Certainly not whither and where is the youth who If he is locked up we can't any of us

Don't Believe in It.

"Do you believe in corporal punish ment?" asked an Arkansas school racket, he had poured the extract of board of an applicant for a position as fire into the gaping wounds. I stood teacher of a rural school. b'leeve in what?" "In corporal pun- ward the moon. The old man felt bad, ishment." "No, I don't," was the re- Minto felt bad, I felt bad, we all felt ply. "I don't b'leeve in none o' these bad-none of them felt worse than I fancy new kind o' punishments, did, they could appreciate the joke Gimme a keen willer gad, or a good more than I. I repeated the Lord's limber bick'ry club, an' you can go to

note on a chestnut bell whenever a word you say; for a chestnut bell is a your breathing machinery Very wonfool's device, which none but a fool derful machinery it is. Not only the

You cannot afford to waste time in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New of friends to mourn her loss—but they

UNDER THE DAISIES.

[UNIDENTIFIED.] to be married on that license. It was what a sacrifice most of us willingly make, explained that the parties had had a How the lips may smile though the heart riage in the winter of 1872, and that And we bend to the ways of the world for the

Of its poor and scanty praises! What work to finish before we go

And too often we fall in a useless fight, For wrong is so much in the place of right, And the end is so far beyond our sight; 'Tis as when one starts on a chase by

But if one poor troubled heart can say,

array, Than if all earth rang with our praises For the good we have done shall never fade, Though the work be wrought and wages paid. All peacefully under the daisies.

IN A SNAKE COUNTRY.

Sight and Woke up His Companions.

There were fourteen of us engaged on they slept on, and on as if there were symbolized in the last night Life is camp was on the side of a hill, and we no wakening. It is in such a town we one long day of ceaseless and weary laid our blankets down. I found a now see a prospective, powerful, and labor. Rest and peace alone are found bunch of grass, and laid my feet against dangerous rival; for, on the principle in the grave. Let us all pray God that it to prevent my rolling down the hill that "it is a long lane that has no turu" when the time comes that is appointed and "every log has its day," since the to us to die, reader, that we may all old corpse has actually rolled over and find, of a verity, that the tomb indeed tended from one end to the other, and when I lay down my big toe stuck out just at the place were the stripe ended. The sick man and his boy lay near my feet. The ground was cov-First Lady Juror - There seems to be ered with leaves, and every time anyno doubt that the prisoner murdered body moved, the leaves rustled and the look round, his eyes sticking out so Third Lady Juror—The poor fellow them off with a stick. He would lay pasn't had a single bouquet sent to him down quietly, after satisfying himself that no snakes were around. At last came the fatal rustle, up bounced the old man, he saw the black stripe on my blanket; my toe moved about the same time-alas! that move was fatal to the toe. With a yell that would have startled the flends of the infernal regions he sprang to his feet, his kid under his arm, but only sor a moment did he hold the child; it lauded thirty feet away among the rocks; a club two and a half inches thick was grabbed from the still smoldering embers of the

> where was he?' As the club went down I went up, but it was too late. I began to feel around for a pistol with which to shoot everybody, but it was The old man-how I revere his memory-soon discovered his mistake, and he danced around like a marionette; Minto rushed up with a bottle of painkiller, and before I could tumble to his "Do I on one foot, the other was pointed to-Prayer, I sang a hymn, but all to no purpose. The sun rose in the morning
> -I should have done the same thing, but as I had accomplished that feat several hours previous, it was not nec-

fire, it ascended aloft-'that toe, oh

essary at this time. We tied some

sacks on my foot, and moved camp.

DIED . - At her home in Ohio county, Ky., on Thursday, Nov. 3, 1887, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. K. J. Ferguson, wife of Samuel Ferguson, in

the 37th year of her age. band to the poor and needy. She often ministered to the wants and sufferings of those about her at the sacrifice

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